

For the rest, the Vizetellys and the Warehams were frequently at Norwood, and there was still no little correspondence between the novelist and his translator. Here are a couple of notes written by Zola early in 1899 :

January 3,  
'99.

My dear *Confrere* and Friend, — I have just telegraphed to you that the whole story about an English journalist having interviewed me is purely and simply a lie. I have seen nobody. Besides, there can be no question of extraditing me: they could only serve me with the judgment of the Assize Court. Those people don't even know what they write about. As for -----'s indiscretion, this is much to be regretted. I am writing to him. For the sake of our communications I have always desired that Wareham's name and address should be known only to those on whom one can depend. Tell Wareham to remain on his guard and *never* acknowledge that he knows my address.<sup>1</sup> Persevere in that course yourself. That will suffice for the moment. I will wait a few days to see if anything occurs, before deciding whether the correspondence arrangements should be altered. It would be a big affair; and I should afterwards regret a change if it were to prove uncalled for. So I repeat, let us wait.

Thursday, February 16,  
'99.

My dear *Confrere*)—You did right to refuse Mr.

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my address. *I absolutely decline to see anybody\** Whoever may call on you, under whatever pretext, show him the door and preserve the silence of the tomb. Less than ever anxious I am in a humour to let

people disturb me! As for Mr. Chatto and  
his partner, as you  
and they know, I shall be delighted to see  
them; but as you are  
also aware, my wife is at this moment very  
poorly indeed, and I  
am in a very low state myself. We should  
be sorry hosts, so  
kindly ask our friends to postpone the visit  
till a\* little later. Our  
*amiti&s* to you and yours. Z.

<sup>1</sup> In explanation of the above, it may be mentioned that  
Mr. Wareham's  
position as Zola's intermediary had come to the knowledge  
of a journalist  
through the indiscretion of a friend in Paris.